

If you have wounds they will be honorable wounds, which you will exhibit with pride to your mothers and families and in the years to come, show them to your children and grandchildren. Keep a clean heart and a clean body and may God be with you.

—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

**Why you should give twice as much as you ever gave before!**

The need is for a sum 70 per cent greater than any gift ever asked for since the world began. The government has fixed this sum at \$170,500,000.

By giving to these seven organizations all at once, the cost and effort of six additional campaigns is saved.

Unless Americans do give twice as much as ever before, our soldiers and sailors may not enjoy during 1919 their:

- 3,600 Recreation Buildings
- 1,000 Miles of Movie Film
- 100 Leading Stage Stars
- 2,000 Athletic Directors
- 2,500 Libraries supplying 5,000,000 books
- 85 Hostess Houses
- 15,000 Big-brother "Secretaries"
- Millions of dollars of home comforts

When you give double you make sure that every fighter has the cheer and comforts of these seven organizations every step of the way from home to the front and back again. You provide him with a church, a theatre, a cheerful home, a store, a school, a club and an athletic field—and a knowledge that the folks back home are with him, heart and soul!

You have loaned your money to supply their physical needs. Now give to maintain the Morale that is winning the war!

You have made all of us who stay behind lift our heads high with pride by what you are doing. It is you, and you only, who are doing the vital work for the American people to-day. All good Americans owe homage to the fighting men at the front.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## What Will You Do to Serve Those Who Have Served You?

**F**LAMING war or quiet peace, an army still looks to you!

Four million Americans have offered themselves to battle; four million Americans depend on you to-day for all the backing a great nation can give. To-morrow, if the fight goes on, or they return once more to the quiet ways they left behind, their comfort and all their spiritual content rest on you. They are your blood, all of them. They gave for you. It is your turn now.

Morale is a thing to speak of and understand. It is not a thing to see or hear, though its results are on every hand. One soldier may have it and impart it magically to a thousand. An army may possess it, and one lonely khaki-clad figure added to the mass be transformed by the impulses of it coursing magically through his body and brain. Morale is the soul of great crowds. Without it armies are dead things, disintegrated and feeble. Possessed by it, they live, have a surging, irresistible movement, are carried on and up by it, across every barricade to victory. Morale is the color in the soldier's face; it is the ring in his voice and the sturdiness in his body and the energy of his spirit. It lives and makes him live.

Whatever lives and grows must be rooted. The spirit of the millions who have given themselves to fight America's battle comes from the million homes of America. You who hope and believe, you who have a faith that does not tire and an outstretched open hand, whose friendly voice carries across wind-swept seas and bloody, smoking fields—it is with you that the battle's issue rests in the end. It is your hope that carries the bayonet across the reeking trenches, your voice that speaks out of the whistling shells and beats back against the enemy line.

There are moments in battle when the tremendous loneliness of the single human life is almost overpowering. It is then that the shocked mechanism of the soldier's mind and body needs a visible sign of alliance, a proof of brotherhood, testimony to the devotion of the world behind him for which he is giving his spirit and blood. "But if he needs you then, he needs you more when he has dropped his bayonet and turned his eyes out of the wasted horizons of Flanders across to the dim sky-line which seems to portend the way home. When the thunder of the guns is stilled and these four million rest in moments of contemplation from the discipline which has held them clearly in the stern paths of their duty, what will you have to offer them?"

"Our sons and brothers," said Cardinal Gibbons, "brothers of our flesh," and though they ask silently, the question remains for you to answer it.

It is to create the answer, a splendid and adequate answer, that these seven great organizations of the United War Work Campaign have been banded together.

**W**AR is a movement of great masses; by its very nature it seems to be prejudiced against the single man. It needs a special and unique concentration of effort, of conscious effort, to make way against this prejudice which is inherent in the process of war. The soldiers of America are in greater need of this attention than the soldiers of any other land. They are the fine sons of a new land, the heritage of all the elder bloods. Each expresses that living thing which is the American spirit in his own way. There are more than seven kinds of fighting men in the American armies, even seven times seven perhaps; but these great organizations which have combined to see that the American



Shoulders to the Wheel!

fighter does not want for any attention that will help him to live cleanly, and well, and fight powerfully, do after all represent the seven best ways to accomplish their avowed purpose. The Catholic, the Jew and the Protestant may only turn to find at their elbows a brother for each of them, a man who by long training and tradition and living knows best how to understand the needs and troubles

of his kind. The camps in France abound in stories of the wiping out of sectarian lines, of the "Y" secretary who has found no bar anywhere to the comfort he could bring to men sorely tried. Rabbi and priest together have stood behind our men, leaving them wanting at no point.

A transplanted soldier is like a transplanted plant. His vigor, all his power of self-direction

and growth are strained until he has found himself again. This is an experience that has been faced by each of the millions of Americans who have gone to war. These energies he has used to accommodate mind and body to a strange bodily and mental environment are the energies that will make him fight best when that moment arrives. It is his courage.

It is to save it for him that the Big Seven have found their way to France. They have recreated for him, in the camps at home as well as the camps abroad, all the elements of the home he left behind. They have surrounded him with books, with music and entertainment, given him an opportunity for healthy recreation. The doughnuts of the Salvation Army may seem to be a small item in a world war, but they are known to Allied soldiers wherever they have gone. And many a fighter has found renewed energy in the steaming coffee the Salvation Army has given him, when it seemed as if all his strength were gone and his power of resistance to the racking, shrieking clamor of battle lost.

**B**RAVERY does not deny humanity. The bravest soldier has his moment of loneliness, of unbearable monotony, of heartache and worry. He has things locked up within him that need sympathy and understanding. Sometimes the sight of a woman's face, the face of an American girl, kindred of the 100,000 of his own kind, is the quickest way to remind the inspired fighter what he is fighting for; the quickest way to build over again in his mind the incentives to going on. He sees in the women of the Y. W. C. A. and the War Camp Community Service and the Salvation Army the fine strength of American womanhood everywhere. As he has gone to serve, so they have gone to serve. It is a bond between them.

It is these men who are bringing us the priceless boon of peace. The war is close on its end. It is for you to say whether they shall be given a momentary acclaim and then be forgotten. Will you hang them with garlands and spend your voices on them for a day, and then go back to your own little interests? Or will you go on remembering they have done your part in the greatest battle of time? Will you know deeply that your security, your relief of intolerable menace, is owing to them and those who fought with them?

**F**OR it is now they need you most . . . in that sudden transition from the regularity of military life to the unbinding processes of peace. Hundreds of thousands of American fighters will step from disciplined regularity to a world full of questions for them. What will be their future? How will they be left to approach the work which peace times will put upon them? You want them and need them at home. For their sakes, yes—but for your own sake, for the sake of your own conscience and for the heritage of peace and justice which they have brought to you, it is for you to watch and care for them, guard them, prepare them for the burdens and responsibilities that await them.

They were Americans when they went. fine, clean limbed, straight men. They will be Americans who will come back to you, a little wearied, still pressed upon by the things they have lived through. The homes they find on their return must justify them in all they have done. They must be found as homes that were worth saving.

When the American soldier returns, sees the torch of Liberty held aloft to greet him, rides through a thousand American towns, reaches once more the railroad station that cheered him off, walks through the familiar streets of his home town, and comes at last to his own doorstep—it is then that he must be able to say freely and gladly:

"It was worth it!"

It is for you, you millions who remained behind, for you to make certain he can say it.



Y. M. C. A.



NATIONAL CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL—K. of C.



JEWISH WELFARE BOARD



SALVATION ARMY



AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION



WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE



Y. W. C. A.